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Jewish France

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THE SECOND REPUBLIC AND THE SECOND EMPIRE

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THE SECOND REPUBLIC AND THE SECOND EMPIRE

L HE Revolution of 1848 is the only one in France which has not been agreeable to the Jews, while waiting for the one which will be infinitely less agreeable to them still, the good one, the one which will be made against them.

Lagrange's pistol shot almost blew up the Jewish bank, but like the Greeks who never sit at the side table with a spare king or two in their waistcoat pocket, the Rothschilds do not put into play that with two or three Jewish statesmen up the sleeve. The real king having fallen under the table, the banker suddenly spread on the carpet, in front of the gallery which saw nothing but fire, a pretty lot of brand new kings: Crémieux and Goudchaux. I believe there was a set and that Marie was also of Jewish origin.

The former has played a sufficiently important role in Jewry, a sufficiently nefarious role in our history, that we devote a special chapter to it. Goudchaux fiddled with in the small bank, he exploited the embarrassed Parisian merchants, with the secret help of Rothschild; he was discounting what I think are called *brooches*. It was a manner of Tirard; from the manufacturer of fake jewelry, Minister of Finance of the Third Republic, who so easily misleads a hundred million to the pawnshop of the Second, the difference is not very noticeable [\[1\]](#).

According to the *Israelite Archives* (year 1863), it was only on the supplications of the provisional government that Goudchaux would have deigned to accept the Ministry of Finance. This should be seen, I think, only as a new feature of Jewish effrontery, the *houtzpa*. These abatements, customary to our republicans today, were not in the character of the republicans of 1848. Arago was able to take this step, but our glorious Lamartine, who remains so great despite his errors, had too much soul. disinterested in getting involved in these maneuvers; with the candor of the Aryans, he allowed Goudchaux to enter the government to guarantee the interests of Jewry, but

he did not have the thought of debasing before the Israelite bank the people who had just broken a throne ^[2].

Each one, moreover, remained faithful to his role. Lamartine, faced with the dangers of the Fatherland, exclaimed: "Let's save France!" Goudchaux exclaimed: "Save Rothschild!" "

Rothschild's situation was critical, and he filled the anterooms with lamentations not about what he was losing, but about what he was missing. No victim was less interesting; as Capefigue explains to us ^[3], in 1847 he had tendered a loan of 250 millions; from November 1847 to February 1848, he had been able to place this loan even realizing, the prices show, a modest profit of 18 million francs.

With the greed that distinguished him, Rothschild had not found these 18 million worthy of him; he had kept the securities in his portfolio. When the Revolution broke out, he cynically refused to pay the 170 million that he still owed, he simply went bankrupt. It is not necessary, in fact, to be well versed in financial matters, to understand that the chance of winning implies that one accepts the risk of losing.

The conduct of the government was clear, all it had to do was grab hold of this bankrupt and deposit him in Mazas, which had just been built.

The good Goudchaux, you can imagine, was careful not to act in this way, he considered the Rothschild theory to be valid that the word given to the *goy* does not commit the Jew. Not only did he secretly admit this man, who had just failed in his commitments to the state, to a piece of news.issue of 43 million 5 per cent annuity on excellent terms, but still he pushed the kindness to provide the funds necessary for the service of the Greek loan.

Here Capefigue falls struck with admiration and we explain this feeling ^[4]. In the story, I know of few more entertaining episodes. The people are all black with powder, they are dying of hunger on the cobblestones they have moved, all the workshops are closed; finally he is victorious, he is emancipated, he has ensured the freedom of the world, he has succeeded.... to what? To put in the Ministry of Finance an obscure Jewish money changer: the Goudchaux. In the midst of so many pleading miseries, only one misery strikes the sensitive soul of the child of Israel; in the dry treasury, he finds a way to collect some funds and takes them himself to M. de Rothschild. There you have it, Lockroy, the comedy you should have done; you would have entertained us more than with the *Zouave is downstairs*

Proudhon, with a harsh and fair word, defines the Revolution of 1848: " *France," he said, "has only changed its Jews . "*

It was hardly, however, that this Revolution had a considerable influence on the future of France. As soon as the Republic was proclaimed, the peasants of the Haut and Bas-Rhin, so cruelly squeezed, had rushed to the homes of the Jews; in Heyemheim, in particular, they had recovered all that had been stolen from them. Brought before the jury in Strasbourg and Colmar, they were acquitted amidst acclamations and carried in triumph.

Before the Colmar jury, M. de Sèze, lawyer at the Court of Appeal, defended these defendants, more interesting than the victims, with marvelous talent and branded the Jews in one of the most energetic harangues that have ever resounded in a courtroom. French.

Unfortunately the movement was isolated, no anti-Semitic committee existed then to allow all the oppressed to come to an understanding and to act in common, and the attempt at emancipation of the Christians was not followed up.

Fould first married Jewry with the Empire, and, in his capacity as Minister of State, then married the Emperor and the Empress by pronouncing, no doubt, *in petto*, all the formulas of curses contained in the Talmud. on the child who was to be born of this marriage and who was the unfortunate Prince Imperial.

At the beginning of the Empire, the German Jewry, represented by Rothschild, strove a little to leave the field open to the Bordeaux Jewry represented by the Pereire, the Millaud, the Solar. The Jew Mirès enters the scene.

The Jews of the South displayed the qualities peculiar to their race and which we have already observed: brio, gusto, movement. With them gold, which lugubriously piles up in the Rothschild cellars as if brought back by the silent rake of an invisible croupier, rang, tinkled, shone with magical splendors and the sounds of song; it accompanied, like Marco's refrain, the joyous period of this reign which was to end in appalling catastrophes.

To the rolling of the crowns were united the high-sounding declamations on the reign of civilization, the era of progress, the improvement of cities and the moralization of individuals by gas.

To see this truly dazzling spectacle again, so close to us in terms of date, and which seems already lost in the distant ages, you only have to reread the beautiful speeches in which today's gamblers and satisfied people withered these scandals, these outbursts of appetite, this

deification of wealth, opposed to these corruptions the austere image of the future Republic which would reduce expenditure, proscribe nepotism, respect the domicile of each one!

A book by a great writer, who at least is an honest man, the *Manieurs d'Argent* , sums up this movement, as Toussenel's book summed up the movement during the reign of Louis-Philippe.

Toussenel, however, had the courage to point out the leading role of the Jew in this shame. Mr. Oscar de Vallée has left this point in the shade. Time had flown, in fact, and the Jew had become an adversary who could not be defied without danger. This gap, however, removes any precise meaning from the work and makes it a declamation to the Seneca more than a study taken on the spot of French society.

Despite everything, this first phase had a picturesque pace, a frenzied enthusiasm. The Jew of the South is not far from believing that the Aryan has the right to eat sometimes; he rubs himself with letters as the Bordelais rubs himself with garlic, he is not incapable of appreciating a newspaper article.

The *Constitutional* , this *Voltaire* of the time, the *Country* , this *Paris* of the Empire, opened their cases to writers who were not without talent. Millaud founded the *History* which fell before him and the *Petit Journal* which survived his nephew Alphonse. Without having the noble appearance of the General Farmers, who were called Lavoisier or Beaujon, who created chemistry or founded hospitals, the contractors of the Empire liked the society of artists, they were even literary in their hours; to Solar, who played *Clairon* and *Clairette* , Millaud retaliated by giving the Palais-Royal *Ma Nièce et mon Ours*.

To some, like Solar, fortune had come without doing much to conquer it, by virtue of that secret force, which brings money to the Jew like iron to a magnet. On certain days, the author of *Clairon* et *Clairette* seemed embarrassed by his millions. Who does not know the melancholy word of this millionaire in spite of himself: " *Peace and little* , such has always been my motto, I have always lived in noise and I ended up having too much. "

Already half-French, before the Revolution, the Jews of Bordeaux surrounded themselves with French; their guests were called Dumas père, Ponsard, Alberic Second, Méry, Monselet.

Happy to live, they built palaces and restored old castles when German Jews knocked on the door of the banquet hall and said to them: "Brothers, you have been at the table ten years ago, you must be satisfied, if you let us in our turn. "

To invite them to leave, we pressed lightly on the square with the help of German capital. Pereire, who had crushed Mirès, was half crushed by Rothschild and we saw the bankers from across the Rhine intervene in the market.

To stir up big business you need a lever, a theme. The Rothschilds, in their first way, had gambled on government bonds, the Pereires and Mirès, by calling on public subscriptions, had emptied the small exchanges. Some had relied on peace without phrases, peace at any cost; that was the time when the famous word ran: "We will not have war, the king has decided on it, but M. de Rothschild does not want it." The others had maintained in their journals a sort of intermittent peace, philosophical at the same time, uniting in an idyllic group the sister nations finally reconciled, opening World Expos.

The peace was worn out, the German Jews as a base of operations went to war; they organized, under military guise, the largest and most admirable financial speculation that has ever been tried and successful.

Who does not know this famous interview where, on the terrace of Biarritz, Méphistophélès-Bismarck came to tempt the Emperor by offering him kingdoms to share ^[5] ?

The tempter himself had been tempted, he had succumbed and made the pact. The Jew, who is as subtle as the Devil, had gone to find Mephisto and had shown him Alsace as Mephisto showed Napoleon III the banks of the Rhine.

Isn't the famous scene from *Second Faust still relevant today* ?

- We have no money to pay our troops, our States are in full revolt and our Chancellor does not know where to turn; thus speaks the Emperor, as if he were relating the plight of Prussia when Parliament refused to vote taxes.

- Never mind, answers the Evil One; to get money out of the bowels of the earth, it suffices to create paper money.

Then a feast takes place that looks rather like the Universal Exhibition of 1867, where, as in the *Second Faust* , we see Belle Hélène appear, and suddenly the Marshal comes in with great joy, announcing that all is going the best in the world; the general also comes to say that all the troops have been paid; the treasurer exclaims that all his coffers are overflowing with wealth.

- So he's a prodigy? said the Emperor.

- Not at all, said the treasurer. While you were presiding over the party tonight, in the costume of Grand Pan, your Chancellor told us: "I bet that to bring general happiness, a few strokes of the pen would suffice." Then, during the rest of the night, a thousand artists quickly reproduced a few handwritten words, stating only: this paper is worth *ten* ; this other is worth a *hundred* ; this other is worth a *thousand* , and so on. Your signature is also affixed to all these papers. From that moment, all the people give themselves up to joy, gold circulates and flows everywhere; the Empire is saved ^[6] .

Goëthe's scene gives us roughly the scenario of the events of 1870. The Jews offered Bismarck all the paper money he needed and, to exchange the paper money for hard cash, they made the war in France a success, because France was the only country where there was money "in the bowels of the earth." "

The preparation for this war was admirable in all respects, I repeat. Germany, in reality, had little to do and the agents of Stieber, the Berlin chief of police, who launched armies of spies on us, found the job done; the Jew delivered France completely tied up to Germany.

From 1865, everything was invaded by the German Jew; the German Jew is the master in all places where social life is manifested. The Jew Offenbach, united with the Jew Halevy, mocks in General Boom the heads of the army French. The excellent Father Kugelmann maintains this printing press, constantly crossed by comers and comers, who chat aloud and who always deliver, to ever-straining ears, interesting news, useful information. His neighbor, Schiller, has more serious organs to him, like *Time* . Wittersheim has the *Official* ; Dollingen and Cerf, two Jews, keep the newspapers by advertisements. The Jewish correspondents, the Lewitas, the Lewisohns, the Deutches, the Jacob Erdans, arrive at the time of the layout in the editorial offices, settle in a good armchair, read the proofs before the writers and quietly collect on their notebooks everything that is said orally and what is not written.

Look towards the district where one works: the Jew Germain Sée, in spite of the courageous petitions of Mr. Giraud to the Senate, demoralizes the generation which grows up, by teaching materialism to the youth. Turn towards the places where one has fun, and, under the zinc palm trees of Mabilly, you will see the Jew Albert Wolf, conversing familiarly with Colonel Dupin and being explained, by the former leader of the guerrillas at the Mexico, on which he published an interesting article, the weak sides of the French army.

Enter the Tuileries, it is Adrien Marx who occupies the job of Racine and who is historiographer of France; it is Jules Cohen who directs the music of the Chapel; it is Wadleufel who leads the

orchestra of the court balls. The *Israelite Archives* demand that a Jew from Bohemia named Philippe Koralek be appointed professor of mathematics to the Prince Imperial.

Enter the sacred retreat where no one, not even the Emperor, crosses the threshold, you will see a woman there. kneeling before a priest and confiding to him her anxieties as a sovereign and a mother about the war that is brewing.

This priest is the German Jew Jean-Marie Bauer. Never since Cagliostro has Jewish interlopism, which nevertheless produces such curious figures, has produced such a complete type, so worthy of interest to the writer who, later, will endeavor to paint our strange century.

One fine morning, this suspicious convert arrives in this France whose clergy, by the height of their mind, the depth of their knowledge, the dignity of their life, are the admiration of the whole world; he took it into his head to supplant the venerable Abbé Deguerry, chaplain of the Empress for many years, to occupy this position of trust in preference to all the priests of the country and he succeeded ...

Does he achieve his goal by dint of hypocrisy, by displaying apparent virtues? Not at all; his motto, like all Jews, is that you can do anything with the French; he organizes these famous *ecclesiastical lunches* attended by the future advisers of Paul Bert, those who undoubtedly sing with a prelate known for his republicanism:

Our paradise is a cherished breast.

Dressed by Worth, he wears a charlatan costume, he displays a luxury of lace that makes women dream.

The siege begins: this acrobat in purple stockings puts on his boots to the rider, he is general chaplain of the ambulances, he gallops to the outposts, and his cavalcades always drag him so close to the enemy that he would have time. to give him some useful information about the besieged city.

When all is finished, he bursts out laughing in the face of those he has duped; he throws his Monsignor dress backstage from a small theater, he inspires pornographic publications on the cocodettes of the Second Empire, he parades at the Opera where the greatest lords admit this unworthy priest in their box; in the afternoon, you meet him on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, where he salutes Gallifet, who, with a wave of his hand, sends him an episcopal blessing. Finally, slightly demonetized, he ended up going to get married in Brussels [\[7\]](#) .

By choosing such a schemer for a confessor, the poor woman who has paid so cruelly for such improvidence is obeying the general feeling, which keeps those who have an influence on the affairs of the country farther and farther away from all that is French, from everything. what comes out of the ground.

You know d'Aurevilly's word. Someone said in front of him: Oh! me, if I confessed, I would only like to confess to Lacordaire. - Monsieur pretends to have distinguished remorse? exclaims the illustrious Catholic writer.

The unfortunate sovereign also had distinguished remorse.

In other circles, we loved vague theories, sentimental paradoxes, cloudy speculations.

A few months before the war, Michelet sang in *Our sons*, an ardent hymn to "his dear Germany! »From which he regrets being separated by the Kehl bridge; he dreamed of making this bridge a sort of Avignon bridge where all the people would dance in circles.

They are all like that. Generals, writers, all confess to the Jews.

You saw Colonel Dupin, look at Colonel Stoffel. He too receives a visit from a Jew who comes in *sounder*, as they say in the thieves' slang. Read what the colonel sends to Pietri and you will clearly see the Jew's go-between, field tester, half spy and half negotiator at work.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stoffel was writing to M. Pietri on November 20, 1868, while M. de Moltke was on his famous study trip to our frontiers.

I told you in my last letter that I had some rather curious details to give you; here's the thing: Mr. B..., of whom I spoke above, is a prominent Berlin banker, Rothschild correspondent and Bismarck businessman. Starting from below, he managed, by dint of consistency and practicality, to gain a considerable position. He is the only Jew that Bismarck receives familiarly, the only one with whom he agrees to dine. He employs him as an intelligence hunter, gives him certain trust missions, etc., etc. One thing to note in the history of the Prussian governments which succeeded one another for one hundred years, they almost all employed a Jew (already of the time of Sieyès), as more or less occult instrument. The one I'm telling you about, without being precisely an intriguer, aspires to play a role and take the place of his predecessors, among whom the Jew Ephraim shines in the forefront. Add that he is a gentle man, of benevolent form, with whom I live in fairly close and cordial relations. So, Mr. B ..., after spending eight days at Varzin, at Bismarck's, came to find me very recently, and if I am telling you the details of our interview, it is because everything suggests that he was responsible for

probing me or knowing my opinion. He was careful, as a preamble, to ask me for the most absolute secrecy about our conversation, and then told me at length his last conversations with Bismarck and the arrangements in which he had found him.

The minister, M. B told me, desires peace more ardently than ever; he will do everything possible to preserve it; he is all the more sincere in expressing himself in this way because he himself explains why the North cannot and must not desire the annexation of the Southern States today ; that the unity of Germany will happen naturally by itself, sooner or later, and that his mission, Bismarck, is not to hasten the moment, but to consolidate the work of 1866, etc., etc. On all sides, we wonder if there is no way to restore confidence between France and Prussia, no way to reassure the spirits in Europe and put an end to this distressing stagnation of business. An interview of the Emperor with King William would be regarded by many people as the most effective way to achieve these results. It was discussed in Varzin, and people around Bismarck are trying to know his opinion on the possibility of such an interview. His intimate friends told me that he would be delighted if it could take place, but he does not hide from himself that, in order to bring the Emperor there, it would be necessary for him (Bismarck) and the king to undertake to give serious guarantees, clearly expressed (in writing, the banker told me), that of doing nothing with a view to reaching a union with the South. In the end, Mr. B... asked me what I thought of the Emperor's disposition to accept or refuse an interview with such guarantees given.^[8] .

Everyone's confidence in the Jew was unimaginable. Do you know to whom Colonel Stoffel, who however knew the Jews, addressed himself to send his secret dispatches to the Tuileries? to the Prussian Jew Bleichröder.

It is absolutely essential, he wrote to Piétri on November 20, 1868, that you let me know, by two words thrown in the post, if you received an item last Thursday, the 19th, in the evening. It was *a job for the Emperor and another for the Minister, both contained in the same five-sided envelope, which I had entrusted to M. Bleichroeder, banker from Berlin going to Paris* ^[9] .

Benedetti was in Berlin the tenant of a Jew to whom, moreover, he forgot when he left to pay his rent; this is the most spiritual thing he has done in his diplomatic career.

The *Slavic Correspondence* recounted, in 1872, how a Czech patriot had given M. de Gramont a work of considerable interest on an Austro-French alliance. M. de Gramont found nothing better

"than to give this document to a German Jew who hastened, of course, to publish it in the German papers, to the great profit of his friend Bismarck. "

In such conditions, the collapse is not surprising; it was a stock market coup like the catastrophe of the *General Union* . All the supports were sawn off in advance and European Jewry being on one side and France on the other, it was easy to predict who would succumb.

Everything nearly failed at the last moment, however. Humanitarian sovereign, man with a deeply good heart, being endowed with a faculty of seeing that neutralized the absence of will aggravated, this time, by a terrible disease, Napoleon III resisted as much as he could to the pressure of the Empress who , spurred on by the Jew Bauer, exclaimed: "This is my war!" »Christian monarch, William felt his troubled conscience as he thought of the hundred thousand men who, today, cultivated the land quietly and who, in a month, when a word had been spoken, would be lying dead on the battlefield. Until the supreme hour, the Empress Augusta was near him a suppliant for peace; it is even said that she threw herself at her husband's feet one last time, when all seemed to be over, to conjure him to make a last effort.

William did what the Emperor certainly would not have done or rather could not have done in his place, the candidacy of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain was withdrawn.

The desperate German Jews tried the blow of the false news, which almost always succeeded them, the *blow of Tartarus* , as they say at Rothschild. A Jewish agency, the Wolff agency, announced that our ambassador had been grossly insulted by the King of Prussia, and you can see from here the gust with which the French Jewish press dismissed the wheel.

"We disrespected our ambassador, we slapped France, my blood boils in my veins! »Thus cried these Republicans who, today, receive all the diplomatic kicks, saying: big thank you ^[10] !

However this is only the prelude of the astonishing things that we are now going to collect at every moment in this history of France, which is nothing more than *History Jewish in France* , the fact of this war, declared on a stock exchange dispatch, deserves to draw attention. It clearly describes the psychological state of this country, which no longer has traditional institutions as its base, which is in the air, subject to all atmospheric influences, sometimes rising up like a balloon that the wind lifts, sometimes falling. flat like a deflated balloon ...

1. In our Revolution of 1848, said Crémieux in 1859, before the war council of Oran, two Jews were attached to the tiller of this chariot then so difficult to steer. One of them was a member of the provisional government and minister of justice, that is to say of holiness among men; the other was

Minister of Finance, that is to say, of probity among men. What aplomb! Malesherbes would not have dared to say that.

2. Here is in any case the account of the Archives : "Two members of the provisional government, MM. Lamartine and Arago went to Goudchaux on the night of Friday the 24th, at one o'clock, and begged him to take charge of the Ministry of Finance on a temporary basis. Upon his refusal, they told him that M. de Rothschild and the principal members of the high bank were preparing to leave Paris, and that for the speedy recovery of commercial interests, it was urgent that he accept the Ministry of Finance. These reasons alone overcame his resistance. Indeed, upon his acceptance, Mr. de Rothschild went to his home and told him that his presence reassured him, and that he would stay in Paris, and the General Council of the Bank declared that he would pay at the office. open. "

Isn't it always charming the spectacle of this people who overthrows kings and drives out valiant princes who fought for France, and lets themselves be led by the tip of their noses by the Jews of Frankfurt, who indicate the ministers that ' must take ? In spite of the hypochondria which comes to them from the race, as the Rothschilds must sometimes laugh heartily, when we talk to them about these ungovernable citizens who do not want masters, and whom they lead to the wand in times of République, by one of their employees, Goudchaux or Léon Say!

3. History of Major Financial Operations .

4. Émile Barrault, in the series of Letters sold in the streets in the form of cupboards that he sent, in 1848, when he was editor-in-chief of *Tocsin des Travailleurs* , to all the men of the moment, to Lamartine, to Thiers , at Cavaignac, to Prince Louis Napoleon, expressed the same astonishment.

"You are a miracle, sir," he said at the beginning of his letter to Rothschild. Despite his four archdukes, despite his legal majority, Louis-Philippe falls; Guizot is damaged; together go constitutional royalty and parliamentary eloquence, you resist. And it's not just the established power that February is overthrowing; what he raises he brings down. Where are the personification of poetry, and the illustration of science, which an explosion of popularity launched to the top; where are Arago and Lamartine? Down. You are high. Shareholders, shopkeepers, manufacturers, rentiers, tumble in crowds, large on small, crushing on crushed. Alone, in the midst of so many ruins, you do not stumble. In short, all opulence crumbles, all glory is humbled, all domination rushes in; the Jew, king of the time , kept his throne "

5. The frivolous courtiers of Biarritz seem, before this strange visitor with eyes shining with dark fire, haughty and seductive manners at the same time, both disturbing and fascinating, to have felt something like this. They immediately made of it, according to the fashion of the day, a little operetta song.

One evening, this is a horrible page to tell!

A stranger at the Villa
came ringing the bell with a large crew;
We welcomed him: it was Satan!

"Satan," says M. Cuvillier-Fleury, who quotes these verses dated 1868, in *Posthumes et RevENTS* , it is M. de Bismarck, he came to the Villa where he left behind him, when he left, like an odor of sulfur and saltpeter. " It smells of burning , " they said.

6. *The Second Faust* , translation by Gérard de Nerval.
7. *The brother of this Bauer fulfills in Madrid the role fulfilled in Belgium by Lambert who married a Rothschild; he is the general agent of the Jewry in Spain. Viscount Bresson, first secretary of the French embassy and now charge d'affaires in Belgrade, came with his wife to play society comedy at home, sometimes Feuillet, sometimes Gozlan. You can imagine the contempt inspired by the Spaniards, who were so proud and so worthy of debasement before a Jew from France from which the Bourbons of Spain came.*
8. *Papers and correspondence of the imperial family.*
9. *Papers and correspondence of the imperial family.*
10. *It is unnecessary to add that Count Benedetti formally denies in his book: My Mission in Prussia , the story of this imaginary outrage. "I will not stop," he said, "with the alleged insults to which I have been subjected, nor with the improper behavior attributed to me. "*

Récupérée de

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